To the WORSHIPFUL

EDWARD KERBY, Esq; Mayor,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE

Worthy Inhabitants of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is preſented by their moſt Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Pariſh of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21ſt Day of *December* 1773, to the 21ſt Day of *December* 1774; incluſive of the Perſons (in Number 6) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; and alſo thoſe buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 1; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 5; the Meeting on the *Green* 1.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	3	Convulſions	2	Diſentery	1	Lethargy	1	Suddenly	1
Aged	16	Conſumptions	25	Fevers	6	Meaſles	1	Teeth	3
Apoplexy	1	Chincough	2	Fiſtula	1	Palſey	3	Ulcer	2
Aſthma	1	Childbed	1	Fits	6	Small-Pox	1	White-Swelling	1
Abſceſs	1	Dropſy	3						

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	28	Ten and Twenty	4	Forty and Fifty	6	Seventy and Eighty	7
Between Two and Five	2	Twenty and Thirty	2	Fifty and Sixty	10	Eighty and Ninety	6
Five and Ten	1	Thirty and Forty	10	Sixty and Seventy	8	Ninety and an Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
All-Saints.	51	56	107	44	35	79
St. Sepulchre's.	18	15	33	15	17	32
St. Giles's.	19	15	34	18	13	31
St. Peter's.	6	2	8	1	4	5
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Pariſh				5	3	8
In the whole Town.	94	88	182	83	72	155
	Decreaſed		5	Decreaſed		23

Then ſhall the Duſt return to the Earth as it was, and the Spirit ſhall return unto God who gave it. Eccleſiaſtes iix. 7.

SEE *Here*, fond Man, the End of human Life!
(And may thy Heart improve the ſolemn Scene!)
An *Hundred* vital Frames, divinely wrought,
Turn'd to lifeleſs Clay, and buried in the Earth:
Theſe are thy Triumphs, Death!—theſe thy Victories, Grave!
(Within the Compaſs of *this* circling Year)
In *this* ſmall Spot—but, taking in the *World*,
Millions have died this Year; and *Thouſands* dying now.
Amidſt theſe num'rous Darts on ev'ry Hand,
Why are *we* ſpar'd?---for what End?---
But yet more ſtriking ſtill, Millions of Souls
This Year have gone to God and heard their Doom,
And now deſpair, or taſte the Joys of Heav'n.

Reader, attend; *thy* Life is on the Wing;
Thy Death and Burial *next* Year's Liſt may ſwell.
If unprepar'd thou'rt loſt, and loſt for ever too,
O dreadful Loſs! what can compenſate that?
For Reaſon, Conſcience, Scripture, cry aloud,
One deathleſs Soul's above the Price of Worlds.
But Man, ſecur'd by true Religion's Pow'r,
Stands ſafe thro' all the changing Scenes of Time:
To him to die hath ſcarce a Terror left,
For Faith (bright Cherub) ſees beyond the Grave
Life reſtor'd—improv'd—ray'd with God-like Light,
And crown'd with Bliſs thro' Heav'ns eternal Years.
Bleſs'd with this noble, this tranſporting, View,
Mortal Life is Joy, and Death puts on a Smile.
Enliven'd by theſe Hopes, frail dying Men
May think with Courage on thoſe dreadful Scenes
Which ſhall attend the grand deciſive Day,
Such as ONE ſtrongly and ſublimely paints:
- - - - - - - "The Sun's extinguiſh'd Rays,
" A thouſand Stars in one devouring Blaze;
" That Doom the guilty Wretch muſt dread to hear,
" The laſt loud Trump that ſtops the rolling Sphere,
" The Crouds that burſt from Earth's diſſolving Frame,
" All Heav'n deſcending, and the World in Flame;
Then ſhall the Judge addreſs his new-rais'd Saints
In Words that breathe immortal Love and Grace:
" *Come now, ye Bleſs'd, by Heav'n, by me approv'd,*
" *Ye Bleſs'd of God, my Servants, and Belov'd,*
" *Poſſeſs whate'er your vaſt Deſires can claim,*
" *Be endleſs Praiſes your eternal Theme!*"